

Democratic Enquirer.

Democratic at all Times and under all Circumstances.

VOLUME 14

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1867.

NUMBER 11.

Democratic Enquirer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
J. W. BOWEN,
Editor and Publisher.

OFFICE—In Matson's Building, on Main Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year, \$1.50
One copy, six months, .75
One copy, three months, .40
Five copies, one year, to one Post Office, 6.25
Ten copies, one year, to one Post Office, 10.00
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Notices in the local column, 10 cents per line for each insertion.
Notices of political meetings, free.

Business Cards.

G. W. J. WOLFE,

WATCH & CLOCK MAKER,

Three Doors East of the Hubert House,

McArthur, Ohio.

REPAIRING done to order. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS correctly repaired.

Specimens sent on all repairs.

February 21, 1867-17

VINTON COUNTY BANK,

(INCORPORATED),

McArthur, Ohio.

STOCKHOLDERS:

JOS. J. McDOWELL, JAS. W. DELAY,

H. S. MUNDY, E. D. DODGE, ANDREW WOLF,

M. F. ADAMS, D. V. KANE, FRANK STROUD,

A. A. ADAMS.

BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.

HAVING formed a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting a

GENERAL BANKING AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS,

and with ample facilities for the transaction of any business pertaining to legitimate banking, we tender out our services to the public generally.

We buy and sell EXCHANGE, COIN AND BONDS, Money loaned at reasonable rates on acceptable paper. Revenue stamps always on hand and for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.

Persons wishing to remit money to Foreign Countries can obtain drafts on our Office.

February 7, 1867-30

DANIEL S. DANA,

Attorney at Law,

McArthur, Ohio.

WILL practice in the Courts of Vinton, Athens, and Jackson Counties, also, in the United States Courts of the Southern District of Ohio.

Office—Second story of Davis' Building, on Main Street.

January 24, 1867-17

J. A. MONAHAN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HAMDEN, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

THANKFUL for the liberal patronage received for the two past years, would say to those desiring his professional services, that he is always to be found at his office or residence, on Main Street, unless absent on professional business.

February 25, 1867-17

CHAS. BROWN, Pres't, DAN. WILL, Cash.

WILL BROWN & CO.,

BANKERS,

One Door West Door, Will & Bro's Store, North Side Main Street, McArthur, Ohio.

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Deal in Exchange, Government Securities, Stock, Bonds, Gold and Silver, &c.

Deposits received. Interest paid on time deposits.

Collections made at all accessible points in the United States.

United States Revenue stamps for sale.

All business done on the most liberal terms and with the utmost promptness.

February 28, 1867-17

CITY HOTEL,

Corner Basin and Third Streets,

HAMILTON, OHIO.

E. P. CHURCHILL, Proprietor.

SITUATED in the business part of the City, and nearest to the Rail Road Depot.

Conveniently run to and from every train.

January 24, 1867-17

JOHN C. STEVENSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

JACKSON C. H., OHIO.

H. C. MOORE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ATLENSVILLE, OHIO.

AFTER an absence of two years, offers his professional services to the citizens of Atleensville and surrounding country.

March 21, 1867-17

Poetry.

CHILDHOOD.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

Adown life's silvery tide,
Thy little bark doth glide!
The blushing morn awakes,
And from her mantle shakes
The balmy breath of flowers;
And lo! the rosy hours
Flit joyously along
Borne on the wings of song.

Adown the silvery tide
Thy little bark doth glide!
Sad chiming of "long ago,"
Mock not the ripples' flow;
No prophet phantoms leap
Fromout the shadowy deep!
Hush! stands beside the prow,
And angels guard thee now.

Adown the silvery tide
Thy little bark doth glide!
Where water lilies gleam
Thou tarryest not to dream!
Sweet bank where roses grow,
Fair tales where epics blow,
All vainly whisper, "Stay!"
Thy light-boat speeds away.

Adown the hurrying tide
Thy bark doth swiftly glide!
On, on—but whither bound?
O'er what dread seas profound?
Swept by the gales of Time
Toward what far, wondrous clime,
And bright celestial shore—
Returning nevermore?

BEAUTIFUL.

BY ALICE CARRY.

O flower! the sunshine loves to kiss,
Speckled or streaked, or bright or dull,
What can we say of thee but this—
So beautiful!

O grass! that has with glory decked
The land that else were bare and dull,
This for thy title we elect—
Most beautiful!

O star! that glidest all the sea,
And fillest the air with splendor full,
What is there to be said of thee—
Save beautiful!

O child! with tresses spun of gold,
And eyes with heavenly light o'er full,
What word has half thy beauty told—
Like beautiful!

In truth, when anything is sweet,
The grass we tread, the flower we cull,
The star, the child, we must repeat—
How beautiful!

Select Story.

THE ESCAPED LUNATIC.

'How far am I from the tavern?' 'Three miles, sir,' said the toll-gate keeper, looking anxiously in my face, as he held up his lantern, athwart which the gusts of rain dashed furiously. Well, it was not strange—he must have thought any man fully one-quarter demented who was abroad upon such a tempestuous night.

'What time is it?' 'Nine o'clock, sir,' he answered, looking at his watch.

He glanced over his shoulder, through the half-open door, where fire and candle-light gleamed cheerily upon the face of a cheap wooden clock.

'Nine o'clock, sir,' he repeated.

I spurred on my horse, with a word or two of thanks—the closing door of the toll-house shutting out all warmth and light, and human companionship, and I was once more alone in the wind and storm and pitchy darkness!

No matter—three miles was no distance worth speaking of. I should soon be within shelter, so I patted my horse's neck and spoke soothingly to him, as he started at the quick flashes of lightning.

'Old fellow, don't be nervous. Heaven's artillery will hurt neither one of us, and you shall have a feed of oats and a sug'ry stable very soon!'

Sultan tossed his superb head as if he fully comprehended my encouraging words, and quickened his pace. But at this instant, a blaze of lightning, more brilliant and vivid than I had yet experienced, revealed the whole surrounding scenery to me in ghastly distinctness—deep woods, through which the narrow road wound sinuously—a sunken, zigzag fence on either side, and—

Could it have been possible that I was mistaken? Or did a white, terrified face glare at mine through the low cedar thickets, in that instant of illumination. Sultan, too, started, and sprang to the side of the road with a motion very unusual to him.

'Hallo! I cried out, listening intently for some other sound than the rush of the rain and the perpetual flutter of moving foliage in the wind. But no sound was returned. Twice I repeated the summons—twice it was in vain.

'We are dreaming, Sultan! I said, encouragingly, to my horse. 'Come, get on, old fellow, or we shall fancy ourselves hemmed in by a whole colony of witches and wizards!'

I am not a nervous man by nature, but those three miles seemed to me the longest three I had ever traversed, and unconsciously I kept listening for footsteps on the side of the road, watching for pale, frightened faces, with the hair matted back by wind and rain! And when at last the ruddy lights of the wayside tavern gleamed through the dense, misty darkness, I welcomed them with a glad heart!

That night I slept the dull, heavy sleep of a thoroughly wearied man, and rose, depressed and unrefreshed, in the morning. Not even the fragrant slices of ham, each crested with the golden globe of an egg, and the genuinely good coffee of the country-inn breakfast could inspire me with an appetite.

'Bring me my bill, landlord, if you please.'

'I'm sorry you should have been delayed, sir,' said the fat and jolly landlord, bustling in, 'but the servants have just come in from the village, and they're telling me of a very extraordinary occurrence—a lunatic, sir—one of their worst cases, escaped from the asylum, and at large in the woods!'

'A lunatic!'

I felt the blood ebb away from my cheeks as I remembered the white face among the cedar thickets of the wilderness.

'What time did he escape?' I asked.

'About seven o'clock, sir.'

'And I had seen the apparition at a little after nine. Then it was no optical delusion—a spectre of a disordered imagination—but something more terrible, more real, far.'

I paid my bill without a word; then I told my host what I had seen.

'Dear me, sir,' said the excited landlord. 'But they're on his track; they'll soon secure him.'

'Landlord, I said, as I drew on my gloves, 'is it far to Arch Hall?'

'Arch Hall, sir? Squire Ackley's? Only about two miles by the footpath through the woods—six by the high road.'

I waited an instant. Bright and warm the summer morning sunshine streamed in upon the floor; softly the breeze stirred the 'matrimony vines' that trailed over the porch pillars. I thought of Sultan, already overwheeled by his long journey.

'I have half a mind to walk, and let them send Sultan after me this afternoon.'

with bright drops, stood before me. He must have sprung down the steep hillside, with almost incredible agility. Pale, with dark eyes, and wet, matted hair pushed away from his high white forehead, he seemed to bring back the scene of the night before—the wooded wilderness—the blue-white gleam of the lightning—then the heavy, balsamic odor of the cedar-trees seemed once more to fill the atmosphere. I could feel my heart stand still as I looked upon him.

'I wish you a good morning, sir,' he said, pleasantly. 'I confess I did not expect to meet strangers in this out-of-the-way place.'

I returned his salutation, somewhat stiffly. He glanced at my dress, which probably bore the impress of my journey of the night before.

'Ah!' he said, jocosely, 'so you were out in the rain last night?'

'Was I only giving vent to my suspicions? or was the crafty cunning of madness in his eye as he looked at me, as if to sound whether I remembered him or not? I had heard of the plausibility, the smooth manner adopted by those whose brains were warped, to conceal the mental disease.

I looked him steadily in the eye as I answered:

'Yes. And you were too!'

He started, and his eye suddenly fell before mine—a deep crimson spot burned an instant in each cheek and then left it paler than before.

'You are mistaken, sir.'

I resolved to humor the whim of the instant more particularly as I caught sight of the gleam of a silver-mounted revolver in his inside coat pocket.

Truly this was no pleasant predicament to be in—alone in the woods with a madman, and an armed madman, too, I had faced death, undaunted, in the desperate charge at Fort Donelson. I had lain in a fever trance and heard the physicians whisper of me, 'There is not the shadow of hope for him.' I had struggled eye to eye, heart to heart with the fierce panther of our western woods, yet never before had I felt such a sickening thrill of terror, such an appalling nearness of death, as now came over me. What should I do? where should I turn? At what instant would the smooth courtesy of my terrible companion be transformed into unreasoning ferocity or mad fury? I resolved to conciliate him as far as possible.

'A lonely place,' I said, trying to speak composedly.

'Yes,' I could see that he was watching me intently as we walked along, never taking his eye off me, and my blood ran cold at the glitter of that unnaturally brilliant eye.

'Are we far from the high road?' I asked.

'About half a mile.'

I dropped a little back; with one spring he was by my side.

'The path is narrow,' I apologized, 'and—'

'Wide or narrow, I prefer walking side by side,' he said, sternly, with a downward glance at the silver weapon lying against his breast, and a menacing look at me.

'Certainly,' I stammered, 'certainly.'

But what had been half-defined doubt before became open apprehension now. I felt the full peril of my position. Should I be murdered in this solitary glen, with no human aid near, no mortal ear to catch my dying cry? No one could prophesy how or when the fearful malady of my unwelcome companion would burst into open fury! I did not like the expression of his face as he glanced sidewise at it, but I ventured no more questions. The cold perspiration stood on my forehead; the blood seemed congealing round my vitals; at every step I felt as if my limbs must give way beneath me.

I stopped an instant, ostensibly to fasten the lace of one of my walking boots which had become loose—actually to rest a moment. When I rose up again I was alone in the green, shifting light of the shadowy glen-path!

My companion had vanished!

I looked round, half-expecting to see some rift in the mossy ground through which he had disappeared, or some rock behind which he had concealed himself; but no such 'natural phenomena' presented themselves. I was standing on a sort of table-land, half way up the steep ascent, and moving white birches waved their silvery arms, and green chaplets of foliage around me. As I looked more closely, however, the faint tracery of a footpath seldom used and little trodden became visible, branching off from the one upon which I stood, and losing itself in thick woods beyond.

My heart leaped up with a sensation of freedom and lightness that pervaded every pulse. The summer sunshine on the moss seemed brightened

with new glow; the wild rose, nodding round my feet, seemed sweeter; and the song of the birds bore new meaning to my ears. Free, free at last! And I hastened my footsteps towards Arch Hall with a feeling that I was hurrying to some city of refuge!

The square chimney stacks came in sight at last, and I hailed the soiled old structure with delight, springing over the light wire fence that divided the grounds from the glen, and striding up the walk with cheery footsteps.

I pulled the bell. A servant in plain black clothes came to the door.

'Is Mr. Ackley in?'

'Yes, sir, master is at home.'

I gave the man my card, and sat down to wait in a little reception room at the right of the hall. Presently he came back.

'Master is in his library, sir; will you please to walk in?'

I followed the man through a wide hall, floored with polished oak, to a handsome room, where a gentleman was standing, with his hat and gloves lying on the table as if he had just come in.

'Mr. Barncliffe, I am delighted to welcome you to Arch Hall, both for—'

He stopped abruptly and stared at me like one bewildered.

'Why, it's the lunatic!' he exclaimed.

'The madman!' I ejaculated, for, in very truth, my friend of the solitary glen stood before me, the silver-mounted pistol yet gleaming from his inside pocket.

'No, I am not a lunatic, I am Charles Barncliffe! I said, beginning to see through our mutual misapprehensions.

'And I am Phillip Ackley, no wadder than I always am!' he exclaimed, clasping my hand cordially.

And in the same moment two or three men-servants burst into the hall.

'Sir, sir, if you please, they've caught the poor mad fellow—'

'Down in the woods by the toll gate, bidin' away!'

'And they've looked him safe up!'

Mr. Ackley and I stared at one another and at the servants an instant, and then burst into involuntary peals of laughter.

'Shake hands once more, Barncliffe,' said my host, genially. 'Our acquaintance has begun oddly, but it shall none the less ripen into friendship!'

Phillip Ackley was right—he became my friend, and remained so until the day of his death.

How to "FINISH" A DAUGHTER.—The following is said to be a sure "rule":

1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.

2. Instill into her mind a proper love of dress.

3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home.

4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.

5. Teach her all the accomplishments but none of the utilities of life.

6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.

7. Irritate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything herself.

8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid.

9. And, lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk upon five hundred dollars a year, or a lieutenant going out to a fort.

FROM FATHER TO SON.—A man in Ashtabula county, wrote the following letter, the other day, to his son, in college:

'MY DEAR SON:—I wish to send you your socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine.—Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge and lest you would not spend it wisely, I keep back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings, if you do not, you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your respective parents.'

Another Clerical Rascal.

THE disagreeable duty of exposing the rascality of another renegade preacher is again imposed on us as a journalist, Rev. J. Petty, who resided in this county, on String Prairie, about twelve miles from this city, and who has been lately holding a revival meeting, at which, we learn, many converts were made, and who were to have been baptized next Sabbath, provided all things had gone along smoothly. But, on Wednesday last, the Reverend Pastor of the String Prairie flock took it into his head to run off with one of the she-lambs—a Mrs. Freeman, a married sister—who left behind her husband and three children.—The Reverend Petty had a wife also and five children, whom he has left in destitute circumstances. On Wednesday last the preacher came to this city in company with the guilty woman in a buggy, and soon after disposed of the team to a citizen of this city.

Later in the day Mrs. Petty arrived, in search of her runaway scoundrel of a husband, and the law were out hunting him all Wednesday night. Early yesterday morning it was ascertained that he and Mrs. Freeman had gone off together on the steamer Sucker State.—This Petty, like his apostate brother, Ballenger, is a ranting member of the God-and-humanity party, and wanted all Democrats to be hanged who refused to vote the Radical ticket and to acknowledge his miscegenation preaching as pure Gospel. Our space is not sufficient at this time to enable us to give a full history of this case of clerical rascality.—Verily these must be the latter days, and the devil turned loose among the preachers.—Kookuk Constitution.

A GOOD SIGN. An honest Republican from the country, called at our office the other day to get a copy of the Democrat.

'I read my neighbor's paper every week,' said he, 'but that does not benefit the printer. You may send me your paper regularly.' We have, during the past month, added a dozen of this class of men to our list. It does not signify that they are turning to be Democrats at all; but it does show that they are desirous of seeing both sides of the political question, and thus enable themselves to form unprejudiced opinions. We think it a healthy sign. The basis of Republican institutions is the intelligence of the people.—Ohio Democrat.

ELECTION OF A DEMOCRATIC STATE SENATOR IN WISCONSIN.—At an election for Senator to fill a vacancy in the fifth Wisconsin District, on the 13th inst., Hon. H. L. Palm er, Democrat, was elected by a majority of about one thousand. The city of Milwaukee, which gave only 431 Democratic majority in the Congressional canvass last fall, increased that majority to 700. The result, says the Milwaukee News, may be taken as a sure criterion of what the Democracy will do on a large scale in future elections.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

They have a right to ensure that have a heart to help; the rest is cruelty, not justice.

Good RULES FOR OLD MEN.—The following resolutions were drawn up by Dean Swift, to be observed "When I become to be old."

Not to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they desire it.

Not to be peevish, morose or suspicious.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous—the hardest of all to be kept.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over-severe with young people, but to make allowances for their youthful follies and weakness.

Not to be influenced by or give ear to the knavish tattling of servants.

Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.

To desire some good friends to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect and to reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself—very hard again.

Not to harken to flatterers, nor conceive I can be beloved by a woman.

Not to be positive or opinionative.

Not to set up for observing all these rules for fear I should observe none.

SPEAK AS YOU MEAN, do as you profess, perform what you promise.